

Three-fifths of the cotton crop is now produced by white labor.

The cost of constructing the Nicaragua Canal is placed at \$64,000,000.

Six State Legislatures are considering bills that propose "restrictions" upon the railroads.

American whalers captured only 168 of the big fish last year, which was a falling off of fifty per cent.

Professor Graham Bell says that the congenital deaf mutes of the country are increasing at a greater rate than the general population.

The New York Herald and other leading papers of the nation strongly favor the project of a National Zoological Garden at Washington.

The Rev. Edward Everett Hale wants the Government to permit all school-teachers who have faithfully served for fifty consecutive years.

The forty million hogs raised in this country are valued at \$200,000,000. The Mississippi Valley claims to have raised three-fifths of the number.

John Bull's navy is growing apace. Six new monsters will shortly fly the white ensign. Each of these vessels has cost the British close upon \$1,500,000.

There is a Mormon settlement in Minnesota which is said to be steadily growing. They have six missionaries at work among the Scandinavian settlers of the State.

The punishment for a person who pulled the nose of a King 200 years ago was to be boiled to death in oil, but in these days the police court judge would probably make it thirty days.

Cremation is slowly gaining in favor as a means of disposing of the dead, and it is used extensively in the case of those dying of contagious diseases.

It is a popular saying that rich men's sons don't amount to much. Of six thousand rich men in New York who have sons there are not twenty who are not hard at work building themselves up.

American apples are sent to England, Germany, France, Italy, Spain, Australia, Asia, Africa, South America and Mexico, and if the Eskimos want a few barrels, boasts the Detroit Free Press, all they have to do is to speak up.

The Helena (Montana) Live Stock Journal announces that one of the largest sheep companies in the Territory has declared a dividend of twenty-nine per cent. for last year's business. They say this year they expect to increase it.

The courts of California have decided that a Chinese queue must not be cut off when it is sent to prison; but they are cut off just the same. No warden will allow that a heathen pig tail is more sacred than American unplaited hair.

It is a mistake, the Atlanta Constitution informs us, to suppose the term black man is offensive in India. The natives of that country pity the English for having white faces, and formerly painted their criminals white as a punishment.

The Carthusian monks, by order of the Pope, have refused a London offer of \$15,000,000 for a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of the charrtrouse liquor. The monks for many years have jealously guarded the secret of the manufacture of this noted liquor.

Says the Chicago Times: "The election of William Saunders to the London council by nearly the largest majority obtained by any candidate is noteworthy. He advocates the doctrine that all the city and imperial expenses should be met by a tax on land values only."

A crying baby at New York saved the lives of a household of people. The house was on fire, and baby's eyes smarted so from the smoke that she raised yells which aroused the sleeping family. This interesting incident puts the squalling baby in a better light.

In a late case on trial in Chicago the Judge said: "If I found a private detective following me I should do my best to fix him so that he could never follow any one else. There should be a law to punish any one employing these ghouls, who would swear a soul away for \$20."

The terrors of war constantly become more terrible, observes the Washington Star. Extralite is the latest. It is a new explosive that is as safe as sugar to make, as sand to carry, and does not explode from fire in the open air, but only by percussion in a cartridge.

Bolivia and Paraguay are likely to come to blows about a scientific frontier. Bolivia is landlocked, and, as a necessity of existence, demands a water-outlet on the Paraguay River. Paraguay is in possession and resists such a demand. But for Brazil there would have been war already.

It is curious to notice how, amid all the talk about peace, and all the professions of peace desires, war preparations go on apace. Italy, France, Belgium, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Great Britain are all increasing their armies or multiplying their ships or strengthening their fortresses. Russia persists in massing her men westward. Four squadrons have been added to the Ural Cossacks at Kieff. In no previous year have there been so many armed men in Western Russia.

The Magazine of American History points out that the winter of this year had its counterpart a hundred years ago. In 1789 the farmers on Long Island were plowing their fields in January, and in 1688—the Baron La Montan made a canoe expedition in Minnesota waters, from November to March, without detection by ice.

Prisoners in the jail at Uniontown, Penn., have formed themselves into a court for the preservation of discipline. They have a judge, sheriff and other officials, and offenders are arraigned and tried with due formality. The punishment for breaches of prison discipline are fines and blows with a wet broom. The money collected from fines is set aside for the relief of destitute prisoners.

Albert Battison, of the British warship Impregnable has just been given the Stanhope gold medal, the highest honor of the Royal Humane Society. Battison rescued a young girl who had broken through the ice on a pond and disappeared. He went out on the ice, dived under it, grabbed the girl and took the chance of breaking the ice with his head when he came to the surface. He was successful. His feat was a remarkable one, as the water was very deep and cold.

The Connecticut Constitution, whose two hundred and fiftieth anniversary was observed at Hartford recently, is said by the Boston Journal to be the oldest written Constitution permanently limiting governmental power known in history. This is a remarkable fact, and one with which very few New Englanders have been acquainted. It adds a new distinction to the record of our New England commonwealths, and affords a striking proof of the justice of our claim of having laid the real foundations of popular government.

The postal savings bank system was established in Canada in 1868, at which time the amount to be held on deposit was unlimited. A limit was afterward fixed at \$10,000, and was subsequently reduced to \$3000. Last year the Government lowered the limit of deposits to be received from any one to \$300 in any one year, and \$1000 in all. On the 30th of June last there were 433 offices in operation, and 152,978 deposits had been made during the year, which closed with \$20,679,032 on deposit. Farmers appear to take the lead.

The gradual crumbling of the rock on the Canadian side of Niagara Falls has led to singular changes in the contour of the Horseshoe Falls. This is well deserved their name, but it is now said that a double horseshoe has been formed by the disappearance of the rock. Learned scientists demonstrate that the falls are steadily receding, and that in several thousand years they may approach Lake Erie, but the process is so gradual as to be imperceptible. New York is sure to enjoy this greatest rival to Yosemite for a long time to come.

According to the New York Graphic a practical man, with a soul full of genuine Christian charity, is J. M. Lewis, of Talladega, Ala. He gave a dinner recently to thirty ladies of his village, at which he presented each with a six-bladed jack knife and three dollars in money. They are to have a reunion in a year, when first and second prizes will be awarded to the youngsters who can show the best record in making and saving money from the capital thus furnished them. Store boxes will be at a premium in Talladega this year, but the example of Mr. Lewis might be followed everywhere by philanthropists with benefit to the rising generation.

It will not surprise anyone to learn that, although there was some falling off in the value of the gold product in this country during the year 1888, the output of all the precious metals was greater than ever before. The mining industry has been active, and the gain has been especially noticeable in the production of copper, the increase for the year in comparison with 1887 being \$7,898,744. The decrease in the value of gold produced was \$2,512,305, but this was nearly offset by the increase in the item of silver alone, the gain shown being \$2,318,868, while there was also an increase in lead of \$1,632,557, making the total increase in the value of the precious metals for the year \$9,337,799.

There are twenty-eight Rear Admirals on the retired list living in Washington. It used to be said that if one threw a brick over the wall of the League Island Navy Yard on pay day it would hit at least four Rear Admirals, but these venerable heroes would seem to be still more numerous nowadays at the Capital. Washington is notoriously a snug harbor for officers in both branches of the military service. The Post counts up the army and navy residents at ten Generals, fourteen Colonels, five Majors, twenty-five Captains, eleven Lieutenants, twenty-eight Rear Admirals, sixteen Commodores, and three naval Captains. Most of them are rich and live in fine houses, which they own.

Krupp's Great Gun Works. An interesting work has just appeared in Germany about Herr Alfred Krupp and his foundry at Essen. It shows how slow and difficult were the beginnings of this establishment, which goes back as far as 1811, and which merely vegetated till 1851. In 1853 only nine workmen were employed in the factory; in 1884, seventy-two. To-day Herr Krupp has under his employ 29,000 workmen, 13,726 of whom are employed in the foundry at Essen. Counting the families of these workmen, 78,789 persons live from the work of the establishment, and of this number 21,193 occupy the dwellings belonging to the foundry. Some 2735 tons of coal are burned daily, and the eleven high furnaces produce 600 tons of cast iron daily.—Commercial Advertiser.

BYGONES!
Ye doubts and fears that once we knew,
Ye bitter words, of anger born;
Ye thoughts unkind and deeds untrue,
Ye feelings of mistrust and scorn;
Against your memory we rebel,
We have outlived your foolish day;
No longer in our hearts you dwell—
Bygones! Bygones! pass away!
But oh, ye joyous smiles and tears,
Ye endearments fond and pleasures past;
Ye hopes of life's first budding years,
Ye loves that seemed too bright to last;
Ye charities and words of peace,
Affection's sunshine after rain;
Oh, never let your blessings cease—
Bygones! Bygones! come again!
—Charles Mackay.

LIBBY'S AMBITIONS.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAYES.

"Why, Libby, is that you? Stop a minute; I'm going your way, and I'll walk home with you."
"I'm in a hurry, Job," stammered the tall young girl whom Job Lindley had addressed.

"But I won't detain you a second," catching up the change and the parcel from the counter of the little general shop which served for grocery, dry goods emporium, flour-mill and post-office for the dwellers in Succothville.

"I'm ready now," Libby Morse was a slender, bright-eyed girl of eighteen. Job Lindley was the village druggist, a quick, keen-faced young fellow, with a healthy glow on his cheeks.

They walked briskly along over the hard-frozen winter roads, in the gray twilight.

"Were you getting anything at the store?" Job asked. "Have you any bundles for me to carry?"

Libby laughed bitterly. "I was asking for letters," said she. "There were none from me. I didn't know what I was doing. Luck don't come to me."

"Luck?" Job looked at her in a perplexed way. "I hope, Libby—I do hope you haven't been persuaded into buying tickets in the Brezertown Lottery."

"Nonsense," retorted Libby. "Your uncle gives you all the spending money you want, don't he?"

"He gives me all I ask for," Libby answered—adding, within herself: "And little enough that is!"

"You're not discontented at living with him?"

"Not especially," said she. "Because, Libby, if you don't like it where you are—"

"Oh, Job, there comes Alice Markham," Libby interrupted the girl. "I've got a message for Alice. You'll excuse me, won't you? Good-by!"

Job Lindley stood puzzled, in the middle of the road, watching Libby's figure vanish against the yellow bar that still marked the spot where the sun had gone down, half an hour ago.

"It's queer," said he. "I'm hanged if I understand it! Every time I get anywhere near that subject she slips away from me, exactly as if she understood what I was going to say. It's like trying to catch the waters of a running brook in one's hand. To me there's no girl in all Succothville like Libby Morse, and yet I can't for the life of me tell whether she cares for me or not."

In the meanwhile Libby had joined Alice Markham, the young district school teacher, whose week it was in "boarding around" to go to Mr. Morse's.

"Oh, Alice," said she, breathless with the haste she had made, "I've had such an escape!"

"Child, what on earth do you mean?" said Miss Markham, who, though she was scarcely a month older than Libby in actual time, had the dignity of at least thirty summers.

Perhaps it was as much owing to the responsibilities of her position as to natural temperament, but still it was there—the sober, charming sedateness of a young queen.

"I think, Alice," said Libby, in a mysterious whisper, "that Job Lindley wants to ask me to marry him. I've just been talking with him."

"Well—and if he does?" said Libby, slightly accelerating her swift, elastic pace.

"I don't see that at all," said composed Alice. "Every girl is the better for a good, sensible husband."

"Fiddlesticks!" cried Libby. "As if a girl with an ambition like me wanted to be tied down to life in the back parlor behind a druggist's counter!"

"An ambition?" repeated Miss Markham.

"Ah, I haven't told you," cried exultant Libby, dancing up and down until her feet sounded like tiny castanets against the frozen ground. "But I have an ambition—two or three of them! Shall I tell you what they are, Alice?"

"I'll tell you what I think of them," said Alice, with a look of fitting aloofness. "Will o' the-wisp, certainly," said Alice, twining one arm around Libby's slender young waist.

"Well, you see," explained Libby, lowering her voice to a confidential mystery, "although there were only the frost-brightened stars and the yellow rim of light above the western woods to overhear her communication, 'Uncle Thomas hasn't been very successful with his farm, of late, and as he has nine children of his own, he naturally feels as if I were a burden to him. And he hints that I ought to be doing something for myself. Now what can a girl do for herself in Succothville but go out to service, or enter the factory, or take in plain sewing?"

"Not much else, I must confess," said Miss Markham.

"Well," pursued Libby, "don't fancy any of these roads to a livelihood. So I've picked out three other paths for myself. I've been studying up the papers, Alice, and I've written a love-story, in competition for the hundred-dollar prize offered by the Titusfield Literary Club."

"Child, child!" cried Alice. "What do you know about love?"

"As much as other girls, I fancy," said giddy Alice. "I've read about Ophelia and Desdemona, and Lucia de Lammermoor, and all those classic heroines, and of course one depends a good deal on one's imagination. It wasn't a bad story, I know. Well, that's one road. And I read the statement of the Woman's Bazaar Establishment, in New York—how they'll pay you for good cake or preserves, or anything of that sort, less a trifling commission—so I sent a box of plum jam to them, a box that ought to net me ten dollars at least."

"That's Number Two," smiled Alice. "Excuse me for saying that I have more faith in Number Two than in Number One."

"We shall see," nodded Libby. "And the third—"

"Yes," encouraged Alice, "the third."

"I answered an advertisement for a wife," whispered Libby, hanging down her pretty head. "Yes, Alice, I did. You needn't start back in that tragical manner. Other girls do it. Why shouldn't I? Such a beautifully-worded advertisement! A widower, all alone in

the world, sighing for sympathy and love—a widower of means, Alice!"

"Libby, you have done wrong," said Alice, with a gravity that impressed her young companion more than she would have been willing to confess.

"Well, I've done it, and there's an end of the matter!" said Libby, with a rebellious shake of the head. "So no use in lecturing me. Uncle Tom shall find out that I'm not entirely without resources! A hundred dollars for the story, besides all the fame it will bring me, and ten dollars from the plum jam—add there, you see, is enough to buy quite a neat little trousseau for marrying the widower. People don't launch out with silk dresses and dozens of underclothes as much as they did; and—"

"Libby," urged Miss Markham, "are you really in earnest?"

Libby broke out into a little hysterical laugh.

"Alice," said she, "I've thought of nothing else and dreamed of nothing else for a week. And it's strange—so strange that I never have received an answer to any of the three communications!"

Just then little Tommy, the youngest hope of the house of Morse, came trotting across the sere meadow.

"Oh, look here, Lib!" said he. "The storekeeper he's found a lot of letters as got hid away under the meal bags, where they was sortin' the mail on Thursday. They calculate as Pete, the puppy, done it—he's chuck full of mischief and tricks; and the storekeeper he give me a lemon ball if I'd take these to you. I was lickin' the inside of the meal-sacks, and I found Johnny Piper and Sam Stokes, under the counter."

Libby grasped the letters, and even by that imperfect light, Alice could see the snow and crimson chasing each other across her face.

They were already inside the little gate, and Libby caught at her companion's arm with nervous haste.

"Let us go up stairs to your room, Alice," she whispered. "There is all such a swarm of children in the keeping-room, and one never can have a moment to oneself. Besides, there is only that lamp in the house, and I can't read by candle-light."

Side by side, in the school-teacher's apartment, by the light of the flickering, strong-scented kerosene lamp, Libby and Alice opened the letters.

The first, whose envelope bore the stamp of the Titusfield Literary Club, was brief enough. The editor regretted that Miss Morse's manuscript had proved unreadable to his columns, but would return it to her address on the receipt of sufficient postage stamps to defray the cost of transportation by mail.

"There's an end of that!" cried Libby, passionately, tearing the letter in two and flinging its fragments on the ground.

The second was an elegantly-written note, on scented and monogrammed paper, from the Secretary of the Woman's Bazaar Establishment, stating that Miss Morse's letter, which had been forwarded to the Editor of the Express, had been forwarded to the Editor of the Express, and had unfortunately proved to be below the standard which the establishment had set up. The box awaited her orders, and Mrs. Gerald Geoffrey remained "hers truly," etc., etc.

"It's all nonsense!" cried breathless Libby. "Standard of excellence, indeed! It's all favoritism. There's a ring—I know the ring! The whole thing ought to be exposed through the newspapers."

The third letter was brief enough. It was from a well-known lawyer in New York, stating to Miss Elizabeth Morse that her communication, together with numerous others, had been found among the effects of a notorious scoundrel, who had fled from justice about a week previously. It was returned to her with a well-meant warning to avoid such traps in the future. Most of his dupes, it was stated, had inclosed money, rings and photographs to him, but she was fortunately among the exceptions.

Poor Libby! she burst into angry tears, with her head on Alice's shoulder.

"Oh, Alice," she cried, "what a fool I have been!"

And Miss Markham was endeavoring to console her, when Tommy came clattering up stairs to shout at the keyhole that "supper was ready, and mamma had been firing flapjacks, and there was some real maple molasses, and there was better than that on the inside of the keg at Billings' store!"

Alice went down. She knew that it would give mortal offense to Mrs. Morse's housewifely pride to neglect this summons; but Libby flung a hood over her head, and rushed out into the cold night air.

"I couldn't speak to any one just now," she pleaded. "You'll keep my secret, Alice—won't you?"

Just there at the gate stood Job Lindley, a black shadow against the starlight.

"Libby!"

It was all that he said, but the one word was so full of devotion, allegiance, tender appreciation, that Libby stopped involuntarily.

It was a healing balm to her hurt spirit and wounded pride.

"I was coming to ask you to go to Swope's Corners with me to-night," said he. "There's to be a concert there, and—"

"But is anything the matter, Libby?" he asked, checking himself in mid-explanation.

"Yes, Job, I should like to go," said Libby. "It's very good of you to ask me."

"But you're in some sort of trouble, Libby!" exclaimed Job. "You've been crying. Has your uncle been cross to you? Because, Libby, you needn't stay under his roof unless you choose. If you'll come to me and be my wife, I'll tell her nothing you need ask for in vain. It may sound abrupt to you, this love story of mine, but it's been trembling on my lips every time I've seen you for three months."

It was a strange, short wooing; but when he came into the noisy, cheerful house-room, Libby had promised to be honest Job's wife.

The failure of her fantastic ambitions had luckily driven her into the sure haven of a good man's love.

"I have got my own love story now," she said to Alice Markham. "Better than all the Desdemonas and Ophelias that the editor of the Titusfield Literary Club ever dreamed about. And Job's story is a forty sentimental widower. And as for the plum jam—we'll let that go for her afternoon treat!"

"And you are really happy at last?" wistfully asked Miss Markham.

"Yes, dear Alice, I really am happy at last," said Libby.

And her radiant face bore witness to her words.—Saturday Night.

Statistics of the Kingdom of Saxony show that at the close of 1888 the deposits in the savings banks (200 in number) amounted to \$15,000,000, or about \$30 for each inhabitant. The number of depositors was 1,340,000 out of a population of little more than 3,000,000.

In his latest message Governor Ames, of Massachusetts, unreservedly recommends woman suffrage.

HOUSEHOLD AFFAIRS.

How to Clean Silk.

For every quart of water required to cleanse the silk pare and grate one large potato in the water, which must be cold, and let stand for two days without disturbing it. Rain water is preferred when it can be obtained. Pour off the clear liquor into a large vessel and dip the silk up and down in it until it is thoroughly saturated. Do not wring it, but let it hang where it can drip. When nearly dry lay it flat on the table and rub it with a linen cloth, first on one side then on the other. If necessary to press it place it between flannel and use a moderate iron.—Detroit Free Press.

Rendering Lard.

A prominent Chicago packer gives the following directions for rendering lard so it will be nice and white: "Grind the fat or chop it as you would sausage meat, where you have but a small quantity, using the chopping bowl and potato masher. The object is to get the fat into such a condition that the tissue and fibrine will separate quickly from the clear fat. Now, by the mild heat and constant stirring, melt to the consistency of thin gruel, then scatter salt enough over the surface to carry down all the scraps. Salt does not melt in pure lard, and therefore will not give it a saline taste. Then allow it to settle, and dip the clear fat out into a vessel, using a strainer, or into another kettle, so as to remove all scraps from the bottom. After removal of scraps, cook for fifteen minutes, so as to roast any scraps still remaining in the fat, and your lard is ready to put away and will keep as long as wanted. To keep lard it is necessary to raise the heat at 180 degrees. It melts at 110 to 120 degrees. Let our farmers and their wives try the above method and they will never go back to the old way of cooking lard again. In answer to an inquiry as to how to prevent lard from boiling over while cooking, put in a little salt. This is the best known remedy.—New York Herald.

Doing Up Lace Curtains.

The cleansing of fine curtains in the winter time is a very nice operation, and one that few housekeepers have the courage to attempt at home. The following directions I carried out with flattering success:

Place the curtains in a tub of cold water and allow them to remain for almost an hour. Remove carefully, wringing slightly, and again place them in fresh cold water, where leave for three or four hours. Again wring them carefully, and stretching them across a clean table, rub thoroughly with some pure washing soap; roll up tightly and lay in moderately warm water for a full hour. Then transfer them into very hot water, leaving them there not longer than ten minutes. Once more change into cold water for a few minutes. The next move is into a moderately strong blue water, where let them remain about five minutes. Boil one-half pound of starch quite thick, fine flour quality; this will be sufficient for a good-sized curtain. Dip the curtains into the starch and wring them very slightly. Then stretch them immediately over clean sheets. Lay the sheets over a thickly-carpeted floor of a large room and pin down the edges of the lace, drawing it firmly, with extreme care. The pins should be placed close together, so as to draw out the pattern. This may seem a tedious process; but if the directions are faithfully carried out one will be amply rewarded for the pains. The curtains should be left stretched across the sheets until thoroughly dry, and when the pins are removed and they are lifted up, they will be found to be snowy white and stiff.—Washington Star.

Recipes.

SUGAR SNAPS.—One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, four cups of flour, one egg, a teaspoonful and a half of baking powder, and a half of soda. Roll very thin.

STEWED POTATOES.—Cut in slices twelve cold boiled potatoes; add a pint of milk, a tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt, and a tablespoonful of minced parsley; stew ten minutes.

FRIED APPLES.—Make a batter of two eggs, a pinch of salt, a cup of milk and six tablespoonfuls of flour. Slice, pare and core tart apples as Saratoga potatoes. Dip them in the batter and fry. Eat with powdered sugar.

CORN SOUFFLE.—Two cups of canned corn, one pint of milk, two eggs, salt to taste. Beat the eggs until very light; add the other ingredients; put the mixture in a buttered pudding dish, and bake about forty minutes.

SCALLOPED CAULIFLOWER.—Prepare the cauliflower, and steam or boil until tender. If boiled, use equal quantities of milk and water. Separate into bunches of equal size, place in a pudding-dish, cover with a cream sauce, sprinkle with grated bread crumbs, and brown in the oven.

MUTTON BROTH.—This is often ordered for invalids. It should be made as plainly as possible, and so as to secure the juice of the meat. Boil slowly about two pounds of lean mutton for two hours; and do not put in much salt. Some vegetable may be added as a seasoning, and for some broths a little barley or rice.

HOMINY CROQUETTES.—Two cups of cold boiled hominy, one egg beaten light, pinch of salt, teaspoonful of sugar, a little milk. Beat the egg into the hominy, mash it free from lumps. Add milk cautiously until the hominy is as soft as it can be handled. Stir in the salt and sugar, and form the mixture into croquettes with floured hands. Set aside for an hour in a cool place to become firm. Fry in deep fat to a good brown.

FLOUR SOUP.—One tablespoon beef fat, one heaping tablespoon flour, two sliced onions, two cups of water, one pint milk, one mashed potato, salt and pepper. Fry the onions in the fat till light brown; remove, pressing out the fat. In the same fat now cook the flour, and add a little at a time, the water. Put back the onions and let it stand a while, then add milk and potato. Salt well. The potato may be omitted and a little more flour added.

CHICKEN SALAD.—Mince the meat of a chicken fine; then chop the white parts of celery, and prepare a dressing as follows: Rub the yolk of two hard-boiled eggs smooth; to each yolk put one teaspoonful of made mustard, half as much salt, two raw eggs, a wine-glass of vinegar and a tablespoonful of the best olive oil. Put the celery in a salad bowl; lay the chicken on that, and then pour over it the dressing. Add lettuce cut small may be used instead of celery, but the latter is much more delicious. Cut the whites of the eggs in rings to garnish salad.

The richest patient in Bloomingdale Lunatic Asylum, New York, is Howard Meyer. He is the son of the New Brunswick millionaire, and has an income of \$20,000 a year. There isn't any difficulty in securing the highest medical service and best attention for him, but his wealth only serves to surround him with luxuries he does not appreciate.

WIRE TROUBLE HUNTERS.

FINDING AND FIXING BREAKS IN TELEGRAPH LINES.

Three Classes of Difficulties—The Lineman's Dangerous Occupation—What a Pole Climber Sees.

To a person not thoroughly versed in matters pertaining to telegraphing the line room on the seventh floor of the Western Union Building on Broadway would prove particularly interesting. It is situated immediately beneath the switchboard, and has over five thousand wires entering the different windows. This is the linemen's headquarters, and the starting point of the "trouble hunters."

"I am often asked what a 'trouble hunter' is, and I will tell you," said one of the oldest hands to a Star reporter. "We are notified by one of the operators at the switchboard that circuit thirty-six, say, is dead, and the 'trouble hunter' starts from this point and follows the wire carefully to the spot where the break is. There his responsibility ceases and the rest goes to the pole men. They are designated as 'open,' 'ground' and 'escape.' An 'open' is a complete break in the wire, which is easily enough repaired when found."

"When a wire 'grounds' it's a different thing. The earth, of course, is a repository for all electrical fluids, and if an exposed wire touches at any place it naturally interferes with the circuit. A green pole, when wet, is also an excellent conductor, and frequently causes a break. A telegraph pole is ready to put away and will keep as long as wanted. To keep lard it is necessary to raise the heat at 180 degrees. It melts at 110 to 120 degrees. Let our farmers and their wives try the above method and they will never go back to the old way of cooking lard again. In answer to an inquiry as to how to prevent lard from boiling over while cooking, put in a little salt. This is the best known remedy.—New York Herald.

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